



Oklahoma Woman Congressman Won Election With Want Ads; Miss Alice Robertson Was Born on an Indian Reservation

Theodore Roosevelt Was One of Her Warmest Friends and Made Her Postmaster of Muskogee

WAY back in 1891, when Oklahoma was a territory and Indian Territory was what its name implied, a woman a mile too old to be called young traveled back to the Lake Mohonk Conference in New York to tell the delegates what she knew about the Indians. What she knew was not unimportant, she having spent her life among them in their service.

It was a dignified, impressive gathering, and the stranger from the West was at first conscious only of a blur of faces as she took the platform and began her address. But finally a face separated itself from the others, a face half the distance of the auditorium away, a peering, attentive face. The speaker found herself forgetting the rest of the audience and talking to that one understanding face.

A Stranger's Congratulations

Her address finished, the speaker hurried to one side and sank rather exhausted on a settee to rest. The man who had listened so attentively left his place and made his way to her side.

"I could not wait for a formal introduction," he said. "I just had to tell you how fine I thought your talk was. Your views on Indian education are mine also."

The woman was Miss Alice Robertson. She has just been elected to represent her district, the 2d Oklahoma, in the House of Representatives. Except for Jeannette Rankin, of Montana, she is the only woman to have been chosen a member of Congress.

The man who listened so attentively to the Lake Mohonk address was Theodore Roosevelt. At that time he was United States Civil Service Commissioner. Twelve years later as President he named Miss Robertson postmaster of Muskogee.

Democrats Turned Her Out

That was something in itself, for it made Miss Robertson the first woman in the United States to have charge of a first class postoffice. She held the position for eight and a half years and handled millions of dollars of government funds. Then, in 1912, the Democratic Administration turned her out.

Possibly Miss Robertson had that in mind when she said in one of her political advertisements:

"There are different administrations, but only one Lord."

That reference to her political advertisements makes necessary an explanation. All through the campaign which resulted in her election as a Republican in a district normally Democratic by a large majority she did not make a speech. Instead she advertised in the want ad departments of the papers of her district, and the people of Muskogee, Tahlequah, Okmulgee and other towns of the section quickly acquired the habit of neglecting the front page to look among the "Help Wanted," "Lost and Found" and articles for sale to see what Miss Robertson had to say. Usually it was something apparently far removed from politics, like this:

Queer Political Appeals

"There is no race suicide in this district. No greater joy has come to me through all the happy days of the campaign than to feel in my unknown hand the soft hands of little ones who smile at me because their mothers or fathers had gone to school to me."

One day she set out upon a campaigning expedition, but seemingly forgot the object of her trip, for the next day there appeared in the papers this:

"I spent some time yesterday in a beautiful spot where the softest of hands were playing Indian games, where children played Indian games, where the boys with ball sticks eagerly

ly trying to throw the ball over the bleached cow skull crowning a tall, slender pole centering on the ground, while girls scuttled to catch and return it, and men gravely gambled, while women performed the simple domestic tasks that mark primitive life. It was the oldtime Indian life, and the time seemed to have gone back fifty years. I did not ask for a vote. I do not know whether or not they are registered. But I learned that the old things had not passed away in this wonder land of ours."

Credited a Press Agent

Politicians of the opposing party soon began to feel the effects of those advertisements, and they spread the story that she had hired a press agent who wrote them for her. The charge drew this response, still in the same column:

"Some have asked me who wrote these ads. They have even hinted that I had a press agent in some distant town who got them up. But I leave it to the readers if they sound as if they were dictated or of the rubber-stamp variety. I'm not any one but home folks, and I want to go to Congress, first, because a lot of men moved that I go and then because a lot of women seconded them. Some say I won't get there, but I'm well pleased with the outlook. More are crowding my homely old band wagon every day."

But her little want ads never found their way into the Sunday papers. She drew the line there.

"The Sabbath was made for man, for rest and for time to keep burning in our souls the pure flames of faith and trust," she says, "and then we should get better acquainted with our family, and attend our chosen place of worship."

Praise for Mrs. Harding

During the campaign she went to Oklahoma City to participate in Republican ceremonies incident to the coming of Senator Harding and party. On her return she told of the event through her ads. This is the way she described Mrs. Harding:

"She wore a plain little tailored brown frock with a tip-tilted hat of the same color, and her ungloved hand was cordial in its grasp. A baby in its mother's arms came down the line, and Mrs. Harding bent over and kissed its chubby hand. Then I knew that she believed in the inalienable right of babies not to be kissed on their rosy cheeks by grown-ups. I'm with her 100 per cent."

The homely old bandwagon to which she referred certainly did not pick up a load. The normal Republican vote of the district is about 9,000, the Democratic majority running from 4,000 to 6,000. Her Democratic opponent, W. W. Hastings, already had served two terms, and was popular, but when the returns were all in Miss Robertson had polled 23,886 votes, winning by a margin of 273.

Politicians Against Her

The practical politicians of her district were not for her to any particular extent. They even admitted it. Their opposition went clear back to the days when Theodore Roosevelt made her postmaster without asking their advice. When the Oklahoma women got the vote in 1918 the politicians tried to curb her activities. First they shut her out of the convention and refused her a place on the delegation that went to the convention in Chicago.

But she had the satisfaction of being one of those who attended the ceremonies incident to the official notification of Senator Harding of his nomination. Then she decided to run for Congress.

There were four men in the race against her at first. Then, when her campaign began to make head-

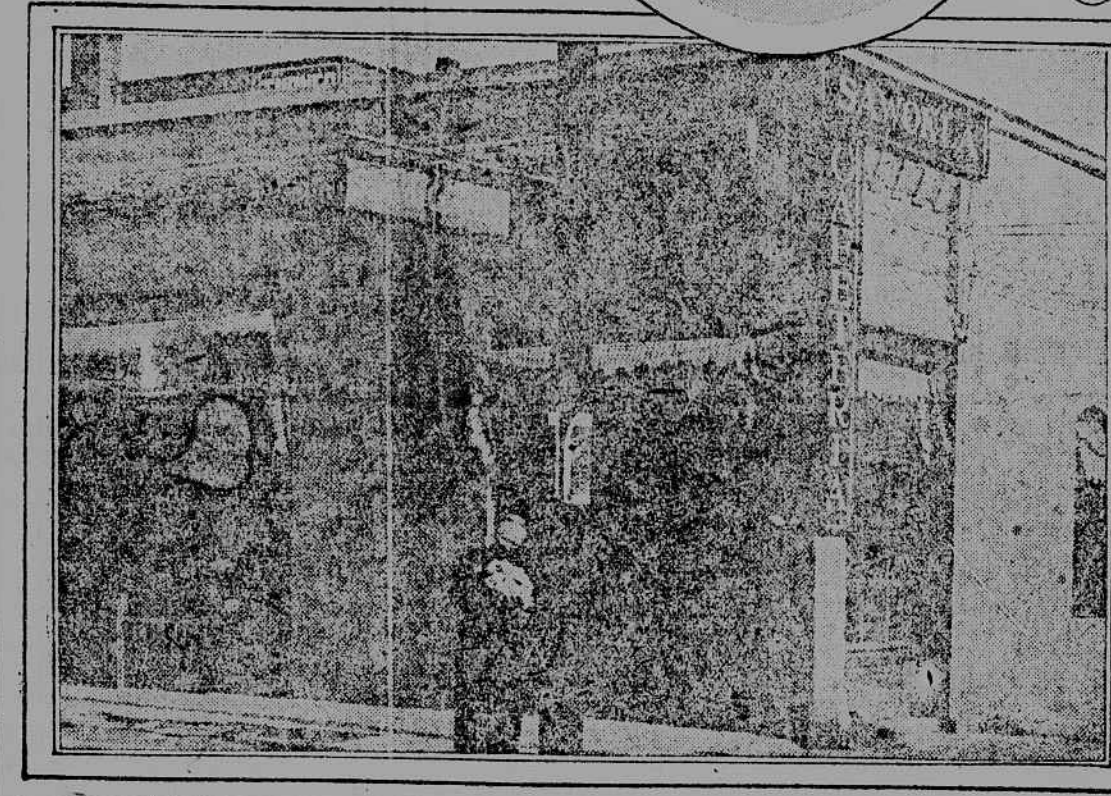
way, two of them dropped out so as not to divide the vote. When the primary was ended it was found she had more votes than her two remaining opponents combined.

Still they refused to take her seriously. She would run 'way behind the ticket, they said. Her only purpose in running for office, it was charged, was that she might have a claim on the Administration for the Muskogee postoffice. Some of the Republicans bolted and voted for her Democratic opponent. But more Democrats bolted Hastings for her.

Appealed to Their Stomachs

There is just a possibility, of course, that one route by which Miss Robertson found her way to the voters' favor was through their stomachs. For the new Congressman runs a restaurant which is more than a Muskogee institution, it being known throughout all that section of Oklahoma. It is called the Sawokla Cafeteria, "sawokla" being an Indian word meaning "perpetual welcome." That is also

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON says the only reason for women in politics is to make a clean government.



the name of the farm which Miss Robertson runs, and from which she gets the fresh vegetables, eggs, butter and poultry which she serves each day in her restaurant. One day she desisted from political advertisements long enough to insert this:

"My cook has gone to the cotton patch. Has yours? It gives an opportunity for the homey sort of meal that the whole family may linger and talk over."

The new member of Congress is

MISS ROBERTSON'S restaurant in Muskogee. Its name, *Sawokla*, is an Indian word meaning "perpetual welcome"

sixty-six years old, but she is more active than many a girl.

No Footwarmers for Her

"People long ago quit giving me footwarmers and long shawls," she said recently with a smile when asked about her age.

Even if Miss Robertson had not

worked there once in a government bureau in her younger days, she would not, of necessity, feel quite like a stranger when she gets to Washington. If she got lonesome she could stroll through the Capitol and visit for a moment with one of her ancestors, John Winthrop, whose effigy stands among the statues there.

There is more than the statue of the Colonial Governor of Massachusetts to prove that Miss Robertson is not numbered among the new

Americans. Another of her ancestors was Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan Edwards, of Puritan fame. John Hopkins, one of the Edwards family, aided Austin Worcester, maternal grandfather of Miss Robertson, in obtaining an education that prepared him to be a missionary among the Indians.

Grandfather a Martyr

This Austin Worcester spent two years in the Georgia penitentiary because he violated the law which said only whites should have the benefit of education. After his release he followed the Cherokee Indians when they were exiled to the lands set aside for them in what became Indian Territory.

One of the children of the Rev. Austin Worcester was Ann Eliza



MRS. A. E. W. ROBERTSON, mother of the new Congressman, was a missionary among the Indians and translated the Bible into the Creek tongue, for which task she was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Worcester, who became Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, the mother of the new Congressman. The spirit of the missionary ran through all of Miss Robertson's family. She has estimated that in the aggregate they have given at least 140 years to missionary work. Her mother was one of those who gave her life to the work. One of her tasks was the translation of the Bible into the Creek language, as another ancestor, the Rev. W. S. Robertson, had translated it into the Cherokee. For this work Miss Robertson's mother received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, one of the first American women to be so honored. She died in 1895 at the age of eighty.

Born in Indian Territory

Alice Robertson was born in the Indian Territory in 1854. The fam-

Until Her State Gave Votes to Women the Winning Candidate Was Known as an Anti

ily had settled at Tullahasse Mission, in Wagoner County, near Muskogee, and worked among the Indians during the Civil War, undergoing many hardships during that time.

Later came the opportunity to come East to school, going first to Boston, but graduating later from Elmira College, where she took the Master of Arts degree.

A position in the Indian Office at Washington was next, but the call to return to the West was too strong, so, after a few months under "Miss Corson, first cooking school teacher, and Miss Huntington, first teacher of social welfare work," she came back to the Indian Territory.

She became the first domestic science teacher in the territory. She also learned typewriting and shorthand, and was the only stenographer in the section for many years. As such she attended many conventions and learned first hand of political doings and other worldly affairs.

Teacher Among the Indians

Miss Robertson also spent two years at the Carlisle Indian School to fit herself for service among the Indians.

Funds for Creek education were low because of the "green peach war," but Miss Robertson raised funds in the East and came back to establish the Nuyaka Mission, which is one of the few Creek schools to survive to the present day. She taught later in the day school at Okmulgee.

In 1885 she went to Muskogee, her present home, to establish a boarding school for girls of the Five Civilized Tribes—Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles. She had much to do with starting and was later a professor in the school that grew into Henry Kendall College, now situated at Tulsa, Okla.

The next duty that fell to her lot was that of supervisor of Creek schools—auditing accounts, appointing teachers, visiting schools and preparing reports. But it was too much traveling about, so she went to Muskogee to settle down as the postmistress of the local office.

Started a Restaurant

Next came the postmastership from Theodore Roosevelt, after which Miss Robertson took up welfare work for girls and as a part of it established her cafeteria. This soon became so popular that it was thrown open to the public and became an institution. It won't be closed now that its owner is going to Washington.

"The true test of business and executive ability lies in organizing your business so that its spirit reflected in the employees will just keep it running," says Miss Robertson.

All through the years of activity were other deeds that called for the best there was in Miss Robertson. Hundreds of stories might be told of the good deeds she performed for many individuals. Here is one that is typical:

During the early days Muskogee was a wild place. One night Miss Robertson was told that an Indian girl of the Bad Lands had given birth to a baby girl. Miss Robertson went directly to the house, was given charge of the baby and kept it living.

Gave Baby a Home

She had promised to return the baby to its mother when the latter became a Christian. But the mother died and Miss Alice kept the baby until it grew to womanhood. The baby is now the wife of one of the richest men in Oklahoma.

Dozens of orphan girls, taken under her wing, have been married in her home.

But it was in war work that she found her greatest opportunity to help others.

After living through the Civil War as a girl, she got her first real chance during the war with Spain. She helped recruit the Rough Rider regiment which went with Colonel Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. She prepared a kit for each man who went to that war. In these kits were testaments and sewing utensils for all.

When the World War came along she was ready again. As head of

the canteen service of the Red Cross here she fed thousands of soldiers who passed through on their way to Texas camps.

And never a soldier paid for a new Congressman-elect is that she meal at her cafeteria.

One of the oddest things about the opposed suffrage with all her might until the vote of Oklahoma men two years ago decided the question for all time in this state. Then she determined to do her full duty by the party and by the women.

On national issues Miss Robertson says little. She doesn't care for Wilson's League of Nations, like many others of her party, but she is, like Harding, an advocate of an association of nations that will prevent war.

No Idol Worshippers

"But I don't want a league that will include nations that worship idols," she qualifies her stand.

A man probably will accompany her to Washington as a secretary. Despite her belief in the power of women, she thinks much of men and counts many among her closest friends. And there's some advantage in having a man to handle part of the work she will have to go through.

Various political questions have called forth sharp words in her ads and at other times. The refusal of Democratic registration officials to register hundreds of Republicans called down her wrath at many times. The thing was so bad that she declared she would contest the election if she lost by less than 2,500 votes. She had that many affidavits, she declared, of persons who were refused registration. But she won, and now she'll work for better election laws for the state and nation.

Republicans Shut Out

The Oklahoma law requires registration of all voters on the first available period in which they become eligible. Because the Democrats have held power in the state they kept control of election machinery and kept Republicans from registering, she charges. In old days Republicans cared little about it, as the vote was too much against them, but with the rise of Republicanism this year they made great efforts to qualify and many lost out.

"Women were browbeaten, bullied and insulted," says Miss Alice, "when they sought to avail themselves of their new privileges. The same city that turned out thousands to welcome the Vice-President refused suffrage to a kinswoman of General Sherman because she was a Republican. Not that I begrudge Marshall anything, for he has shown fortitude, a quiet forcefulness and dignity and modesty that put him above politics."

Indians Her Special Care

In appearance the new Congresswoman is by no means fussy. In fact, some are unkind enough to say that she's a little bit careless about dress. But with her dress is not the most important of things. The rouged stick and the powder puff have never fitted in with her program of activity, that touches every sphere of our complex civilization.

The Indians and other oldtimers of the Indian Territory country will be the special attention of Miss Robertson when she gets to Washington. She sought for separate states for Indian Territory and Oklahoma, but had to yield to Congress and President Roosevelt, who said:

"One corrupt government is better than two corrupt governments."

In the same way he told Miss Robertson on their first meeting that he was Republican when she asked him which party he belonged to.

"Both parties in New York are corrupt," he said, "but the Republican party is the lesser of the two, so I guess I'm a Republican."

Woman's Place in Politics

And Miss Robertson is much like her famous friend. Active, versatile, educated, a powerful personality and a wonderful mind, she has the background of her pioneer and college experience to throw into the new woman's sphere of politics, and she will do it credit.

"The only reason for women in politics is to make clean government, to tell the truth and to justice to all and to refrain from bitterness after the example of the Great Exemplar, who 'when he was reviled, reviled them not,'" is one of her declarations.

Courage Is One of Man o' War's Qualities

THE scene is the racetrack at Windsor, Ontario. Thousands of persons have gathered to witness a match race between two horses, the speediest pair in the country. The purse is the largest ever offered in an event of the kind, \$80,000. Bets are few and far between, for the students of the game know that the contest is over before it starts.

In two minutes after the starter has given the signal Man o' War, hailed as the greatest racing horse of the century, has beaten Sir Barton by seven lengths and has won a \$75,000 purse and a \$5,000 gold cup for his owner, Samuel D. Riddle.

What is the secret of this remarkable beast, which has easily romped away from every other of its kind pitted against it in every race but one? Wherein lies the strength of Man o' War? What enables him to leap twenty-seven feet at a single jump?

Build and Courage

"Build and courage." In this cryptic sentence lies the analysis of Man o' War's unmatched speed, as outlined by Dr. John William Adams, professor of veterinary surgery and obstetrics for the last twenty-five years at the School of

Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and one of the leading authorities on horses in America.

Dr. Adams is the medical adviser to the horses in the racing stable of Samuel D. Riddle, millionaire horse fancier of Glen Riddle, Pa. Mr. Riddle is the owner of Man o' War. Dr. Adams has studied the famous three-year-old from the viewpoint of the veterinary medical expert, and speaks with the authority of science. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and also studied for a degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

Since 1896 he has been veterinarian of the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, and also consulting veterinarian of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Philadelphia. Dr. Adams is the author of four works on veterinary subjects, and served throughout the war with the Veterinary Corps of the army.

Of Unusual Size

Dr. Adams has come into contact with many famous racehorses in the last two decades. Many of them were brought to the university clinic for special treatment by him for "whistling." But to use his own words, he has "never seen a greater

horse from every viewpoint than Man o' War."

"He is what is called a slashing big colt," Dr. Adams said. "He stands well over sixteen hands high. At a distance of some yards, you would say that he made a splendid appearance as a well proportioned thoroughbred. Because he is so well proportioned, he doesn't look large from a distance. But when you approach him, he is found to be much bigger than you thought him, and if you stand alongside he towers far over your head."

"He is a beautiful horse, with an almost humanly intelligent face. There are, to be sure, dozens of horses in the East which are every bit as good looking, but Man o' War has something that the others haven't. The others have speed, plenty of it, but no endurance in a long race. Man o' War is one of those extremely rare combinations of speed and endurance that every really great horse must have."

One of Man o' War's greatest assets, according to Dr. Adams, is his remarkable legs.

Legs Unusually Long

"His limbs," the doctor said in the course of our interview, "are unusually long, longer than the legs of a thoroughbred are in general. This is a great advantage, of course, since he can cover a greater distance in a single stride than a horse that is shorter of limb. The mus-

cles of his legs are remarkably long. The forearm muscles, and this is unusual, extend clear below the knee joint. This extension of the forearm muscles is almost unique. Man o' War's forearm muscles run all the way into the hocks, making it appear that his cannons, that part which corresponds to the portion of the human arm between the hand and the elbow, are very short. The tendons of the leg are back from the bone, making his legs look flat and correspondingly wide."

Great Lung Capacity

The chest of the unbeatable colt is unusually developed.

"This is indicative of the fact that the sternum, or chest, has expanded to allow more lung space," according to Dr. Adams. "Man o' War has an enormous lung capacity. He can and has run a mile and a half and cantered back to the paddock, blowing off his exertion in two or three breaths."

"His large lungs give him an extraordinary blood capacity. The blood is aerated in the lungs and oxygen is supplied to the body. The increased capacity for oxygen allows him to run further without fatigue. Man o' War's huge lungs are an important factor in his victories."

In the opinion of Dr. Adams, nothing stands Man o' War in such good stead as his grim determination to fight to the very end.